

What Happens in the Heads Dorm Stays in the Heads Dorm  
by MrsAlderaan

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Summary: A short vignette from Draco and Hermione's private quarters during 7th year.

### What Happens in the Heads Dorm Stays in the Heads Dorm

\*\*AN: I am participating in Camp NaNoWriMo this month! My goal: 30 days, 30 stories. I will be trying to reach 30,000 words this month. Don't forget to review, and favorite.\*\*

\*\*Writing prompt(s): \*\*

\*\*\*"Have you ever loved someone so much that you actually ached? It sucks. Especially when it's someone you used to hate." \*\*\*

\*\* "Hey!" \*\*

\*\* "I said 'used to', didn't I?" \*\*

\*\*AND\*\*

\*\* "Can I kill him?" \*\*

\*\* "No." \*\*

\*\* "Just a little bit?" \*\*

\*\*Much Love,\*\*

\*\*MrsA\*\*.

\* \* \*

><p>"Have you ever loved someone so much that you actually ached?" I asked incredulously, sitting up straighter in bed. "It sucks.

Especially when it's somebody that you used to hate."<p>

"Hey." The man with the porcelain hair lying down next to me intoned lazily while gently tugging at my tumbling curls that rested along my bare back. Occasionally, his fingers would graze the skin on my back and the sensation of his warm skin against mine would make me shiver involuntarily.

"I said 'used to', didn't I?" Turning my body to get a better look at him. "I used to hate you, Draco."

He opened his slate grey eyes sparkling with untold emotion. "And, I used to be so jealous of you. You had everything that I wanted, and you went against literally everything that I used to believe in."

"What do you mean?" I asked, steeling myself for whatever answer he would give me.

He pulled me down onto his lightly toned chest, and I snuggled into him closely drawing patterns on whatever skin my fingers could find. "You're not a pureblood, but you still knew the answers to every question that the teachers came up with. You weren't born in the magical community, yet you still made friends by the time we reached the front doors of Hogwarts. Hermione, I wanted friends like yours for years. Instead, I was given Crabbe and Goyle who kept me from actually forming those relationships. I even think that they may have done that on purpose. I wouldn't put it past my father to ask such favors of people."

I pulled back a bit in order to look him in the eyes. "Since the war began, you've become your own man, Draco. Don't you forget that."

Draco lifted his hands to worry his hair, and my eyes involuntarily followed the dark black mark emblazoned upon his left arm. "Ugh. I wish I would've never gotten this thing. Even you can't help but stare at it." He groaned.

"Draco, you took that mark knowing full well that you would betray that psychopath. That's the bravest thing that I've ever heard of." I whispered back at him in rebuttal. "Please don't regret your decision to follow through on this."

He sighed deeply, closing his eyes as if in prayer. "Thank you, Hermione. Every once and awhile, I just need your pep talks- amongst other things."

I shrieked as he grasped my butt unexpectedly. "Could you not? I've got to go tutor Seamus Finnigan in Transfiguration in fifteen minutes. I don't have time for that right now."

Draco rolled his eyes and whined. "I want to kill him. Can I kill him?"

"No." I deadpanned, wiggling my way off the bed to get dressed.

"Just a little bit?" He begged with a dark chuckle that made a small bit of levity tug at his cheeks. "He's taking you away from me. I

already get so little time with you thanks to this warâ€!"

Fully clothed now, I leaned over the bed in order to plant a kiss on his lips. "I suppose that it's convenient that we share a quarters as the head students, then."

"Just come back soon. I'll go mad in this tower alone without you." He grumbled and I smiled. I loved it when he let loose and relaxed a little bit. He didn't get much time to do that these days.

When he motioned as if he were going to follow me out of the tower, I pressed my hand against his chest and forcibly pushed him back into the mattress. "I'm sure that you'll manage for a few hours on your own. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

With that, I flounced out of the door with a swing in my step and a smile in my heart.

End  
file.